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OCTOBER

• 1910 •



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R E G I S T E R

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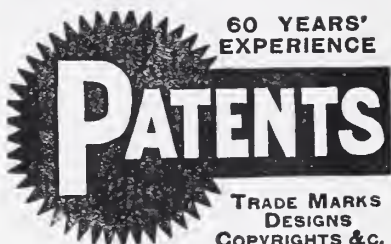
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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXX., NO. 1

OCTOBER, 1910

ISSUED MONTHLY

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Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL, Warren Avenue, Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

THE FOUR SEAS PRESS: SHARON, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE RACER

“NO,” declared Peyton Furbush positively, “it is absolutely no use for you to talk automobiles to me any longer. My mind is made up, and I shall hang on to my horses a while longer anyway.”

The Furbush stables were acknowledged by everybody to contain some of the choicest horses in the county. “Gus” Friedman, Furbush’s particular friend, however, was—to quote Furbush himself—“an automobile maniac in the ad-

vanced stages of the disease.” He had tried in every way he could think of to win Furbush into the ranks of the automobile enthusiasts, but so far he had been unsuccessful. The two had been discussing the same old argument at the Friedman estate for the one hundredth time, at least, and finally, having exhausted themselves and their subject, they settled down to their game of cribbage in real earnest.

About half-past ten that evening the butler hurried into the den where the men were enjoying themselves, and an-

nounced that there was a fire at Wedgemere—the name of the Furbush estate. Both men jumped to their feet, and within five minutes were racing over the twenty-five mile run between Friedman's and Wedgemere, in the former's touring-car. When they got there they found a brisk blaze, indeed; for the stable, with eighteen of the choicest specimens of horse-flesh that ever appeared on the turf, was burned to the ground, and the fire, which had spread to the Furbush mansion, had been under control only ten minutes.

The feelings of Peyton Furbush at the loss of what he cherished most are indescribable; his grief knew no bounds. Scarcely knowing what he did, he started to jump into the ruins of the stable, but was held back by someone near him. He paced back and forth until the fire in the house was fully extinguished, and then was carried, almost by main force, back over the same road to Friedman's.

For a week he hardly spoke, and, when he did, it was in a sad—almost bitter—voice. No one fully appreciated what a blow the loss had been to him. One morning, however, he went into Friedman's room, closed the door carefully, and seated himself near the window.

"Well, Gus," he began, in a voice that came near being cheerful, "I'm not going to brood over—over this thing any longer. I don't care much about horses now these are gone, and I've made up my mind"—here he paused and looked steadily at the other for a moment or two, then continued—"and I've made up my mind to buy an auto—at once."

This was a little more than his friend had expected. That Furbush might be won over in time did not seem impossible at all after his favorites were gone, but that he should change so soon was indeed a source of wonder to his friend.

In the shortest possible time Furbush was learning the management of his own car under the personal instruction of Gus

Friedman. He promised to be a good motorist in a short time, and one who would equal, if not surpass, Friedman himself in enthusiasm. He was in his machine from morning till night, and all he could possibly find time to discuss was "my car."

One day a "racer" was driven to the door by Furbush, who explained to the astonished Gus Friedman that he had just made another acquisition for his garage, and that he had already entered it in the races for a fortnight hence. The papers throughout the state were full of news regarding Peyton Furbush, the former horseman, who, although so recently turned motorist, was already scheduled to appear in the County Races. Every man, woman, and child in the county knew the Furbush auto wherever he or she saw it, and the topic on everybody's lips was "Furbush and the races."

On the evening before the eventful day, Furbush retired early. After he had been asleep an hour or two, he suddenly sat bolt upright in bed, and called out, "Yes, Jim, all ready here! Where are you? Here, here, Jim! Where are you?" The butler, aroused by the noise, entered a moment or two later, but found everything all right.

A short time after, the butler was startled by "That's the way, old man. Put on the speed there—hey, there, shove over that lever—that's it—easy on the curve there!" and again all was still.

About an hour later Furbush suddenly jumped out of bed, flung open his door, dashed down stairs and out into the darkness. A minute later there was a whirr and an angry snort, and a dark streak shot by the house. Down the road it went, gaining speed every minute.

"Now we have it—careful there—look out what you're doing—no, no, wait until I get this curve!" shouted Furbush, who was still talking in his sleep, although he was flying along the road—which, happily, was almost straight—at about sixty-five miles an hour.

Suddenly he stood up in his car and shouted at the top of his voice, "Hurrah, the day is ours! hurrah!" and with a splash the auto with its occupant leaped into a river.

The next day the visitors were disappointed, for Peyton Furbush's car did not

appear. Finally came the news that the machine had just been recovered from the river, and that the body of the one who was to have taken the leading part in the races had been removed to the house of his friend and fellow-enthusiast.

E. R. C., '11.

THE TEMPTER

There is magic in thee, Ocean,
There is mystery in thy motion,
Like the ages, ever rolling

Onward to some sunny shore;
Placid when no winds are blowing,
Merry when no clouds are showing,--
But when tempests wild are clashing,
Then how fearful is thy crashing!

Then how mighty is thy roar!

Many trusting in thee, Ocean,
Many heedless of thy motion,
Many hopeful, many happy,

Thou dost overwhelm with woe;
Yet the youth upon thee gazing,
Hears but music strange, amazing;
Hears thy wondrous tales, unscoffing,
Hears thy ships call in the offing,

As they swiftly come and go.

Thou dost tempt him, mighty Ocean,
With thy magic and thy motion,
Tempt him till at length he ventures,

And is swept far from the shore;
Then, thy truer nature learning,
And thy terrors clear discerning,
All his soul is filled with yearning,--
But he finds there's no returning

From thee, Ocean, ever more.

C. C. P. '11

THE SPIRIT'S ARRIVAL

SINCE it was so last year, and the year before last, and the year before that, and since, indeed, it was so at that particular time of ever so many years, the fact needs, perhaps, hardly be alluded to again. Yet a matter of such importance is sure to be mentioned. Silence reigned in the Sanctum sanctorum. It lacked but a moment of that time when the untried staff of 1910-11 should come swarming upon the scene of its future glory (?) like bumble bees—except that in their case others might undertake to do the stinging—and when the dusty old clock, which had long ago ceased dealing out seconds on tick, should be wound again and set going. But as yet all was quiet. Not a snore rolled from the throne of the E. I. C.; not a chuckle from the desk of the B. M.; not a rousing song from the chairs of all the E's,—plainly proving that serious business had not yet been begun!

Nevertheless, the beginning was close at hand. Already the clatter of hobnail boots rang on the tiles in the corridors. Already the new "Register" staff was charging on the Sanctum door. So sudden, so quick was their entrance that the Sanctum's silence was taken wholly unawares. He still tried to "reign;" but 'mid the E's. "hail" soon was "mist." Thus all was taken by "storm."

Feathers had scarce begun to fly (from dusters) in the Sanctum, when it was remembered by some one of the E's. that

theirs was but to fill the waste-basket, not to empty it; and a pause ensued, during which disorder began to settle into a smothered confusion. And dust, like some "Register" subscribers, began to settle, too. Moreover, the grinning E's., rolling up their sleeves and spitting on their hands, tried to settle themselves comfortably in uncomfortable Sanctum chairs; whilst the E. I. C., ensconced on his throne, began to "settle the hash" of contributing scribblers, with the soft end of a hard lead-pencil. Such is ever the beginning. What a merry life, what a world of joy is that of an untried staff! All preaching and planning and pickling of poor jokes, remorselessly carved from ancient gazettes. What hints and hopes! What hare-brained ideas and wool-gathering thoughts! For in this, as in every sphere of life, all looks green to green eyes.

"For the love of a pipe!" croaked the B. M., at length, watching the antics of E. Number Three, who was striding the floor unsteadily. But E. Number Three did not pause. Carefully spacing his lengthy strides and gingerly heaving his ponderous "nines" into well-premeditated positions, E. Number Three seemed rather in the act of crossing a puddle on pebbles, than treading the Sanctum floor. Hence, "For the love of a pipe!" croaked the B. M. again, wondering at the strange performance.

"Oh, bother the love of a pipe!" retorted E. Number Three, with a twist to keep his perpendicular. "Do you want one to go sliding on one's ear?"

"Sliding on one's ear!" exclaimed the B. M. in alarm.

"Yes," said E. Number Three, with another twist. "Don't you see one's trying to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor?"

"Oh!" said the B. M.; but being interrupted by a sudden shout from E. Number One, who had been rummaging in the waste-basket for a last year's probation card, he stopped with his mouth wide open.

E. Number One, still shouting, held up a package with eight corners and a very peculiar shape. "Jokes!" he cried. "Where's the shears?" But the shears could not be found; which was, indeed, most strange, since all had eyes for the package only.

Nevertheless, E. Number One continued to bawl as lustily as ever, "Give me the shears! Give me the shears!" till the A. B. M. averred he was grievously exasperated and moved that they should give E. Number One the "hook." This motion was quickly seconded and passed; but E. Number One, becoming excited, spun three times round, like the wooden pilot on a weather-vane, and vindictively hurled the mysterious package at the A. B. M.'s head. The A. B. M., however, with an instinct as remarkable as that of the hen that crossed the street to get on the other side, ducked, and barely escaped getting the "box on the ear." E. Number Three close behind him, ducked safely, also, but, missing two pebbles in doing so, sank into the puddle of his predecessors before aid could reach him. The mysterious package, therefore, continuing its flight uninterrupted, struck the wall just above the waste-basket, and, bursting asunder, spilled its contents into that receptacle, with almost divine foresight. Then, and not until then, was order restored in the Sanctum.

But were they really jokes? Aye, indeed. E. Number One, having stooped stiff-kneed, because of the new crease in his trousers, and having extracted a "joke"

from the waste-basket, held it up to the light, but confessed he was unable to "see through it." It was the first joke labelled "Criticism" that the staff had ever seen; and all bore the experience almost manfully. The E. I. C. stood it best of all, by sitting firmly on a chair. The B. M. stood it next best, by sinking into the waste-basket. The rest merely fainted, being unable to understand it at all.

When several moments had thus passed pleasantly and quietly in the Sanctum, and heads had begun to nod drowsily, there was a startling thump, of a sudden, as if the E. I. C.'s head had dropped upon his desk. Then a double knock sounded smartly upon the Sanctum door; at which all the E's. became very busy doing nothing—no easy task, if you'll take the word of an expert.

"It's a contributor!" said the E. I. C., hopefully.

"Or a subscriber!" said the B. M., with a grin, as he tried to jingle a few lunch-room checks in his pocket.

"Or a critic!" said E. Number One.

"Or a reporter!" said E. Number Two.

"Or a jokesmith!" said E. Number Three.

"Or an athlete!" said E. Number Four.

"Or a shark!" said the A. B. M., at the mention of which terrible creature, the E. I. C. became visibly nervous and began to wipe the cold sweat from his eye-glasses. Perhaps he realized that the meeting of a "shark" with a "clam" might be disastrous for one of them. Nevertheless, he said in a heavy voice (for he had swallowed a lunch-room "sinker" for lunch), "Open the door!"

"Open the door!" repeated each E., in succession, till the last E., because he was last, suggested that they choose a mascot at once.

But the others objected. Consequently the last E., after a prolonged bird's-eye view through the keyhole, and an assuring glance at the E's. behind him, seized the cold door-knob warmly, and performed

that truly marvellous feat of making a door become a-jar!

Nobody entered.

He opened the door a little wider.

But again nobody entered.

"Who's without?" then asked the last E., pluckily.

E. Number Three, certain that it must be a jokesmith up to some trick, was just about to ask, "Without what?" but being, unlike most jokers, slow to do his worst, he allowed the matter-of-fact B. M. to get the start of him and to thunder, "A knocker!"

This sally, however, was lost upon all—except the green-eyed E. Number Three. By some, indeed, it was not even heard. For at that moment, a being that appeared at first sight like a crazy squall buffeted by a demented whirlwind, whisked himself into the very Sanctum sanctorum, spun three times round on the E. I. C.'s desk, whirled to the opposite wall, and in the same flash of time disappeared in the Sanctum clock, which then began to tick furiously—almost at the rate of a minute a second!

During this wild commotion, all the E.'s. had stood stock-still, holding their breath, as if fearful of losing it in the excitement. At length, however, the E. I. C., venturing to finish the yawn he had once begun, broke the spell, loudly

"Did you see it?" he asked, as he looked around.

"Did I?" said E. Number Four. "You bet! Wasn't it a marvel? The prettiest little half-back, all tricked out in football togs, rushing along, pigskin under arm, nose-guard on nose!"

"Stop!" cried the A. B. M. "He did not rush, he did not hurry; he hastened! And what he carried were books! He was a student, he was,—a shark!"

"For the love of a pipe!" croaked the B. M., dubiously. "He did not hasten; he hustled. And what he wore were shirt-

sleeves! Don't I know a business man when I see him? For the love of a pipe, I say!"

"And I say, bother the love of a pipe!" exclaimed E. Number Three. "Did he hustle now, didn't he swagger? Did he wear shirt-sleeves? Wasn't it a rusty-dusty, swallow-tail coat, eh! with a red bandanna behind, eh, and a single button before? Wasn't it, in a word, a jokesmith, wasn't it though?"

"Certainly not!" cried E. Number Two. "The idea! He did not swagger or hustle or hasten or hurry, but—he got on fairly well, pretty fast, somehow. And he wore no swallow-tail, shirt-sleeves, or togs either; though—he was dressed, somehow. But books, pig-skin,—bah! A pad of notes, he carried. As for a nose—he had a 'nose for news.' Certainly! A reporter!"

"You mean a lamb, sir—I mean a subscriber!" said the A. B. M., quickly correcting his error.

"But no! But no!" said E. Number One. "Impossible, you know. For he had the car-marks of a critic; did he not?" he asked, turning to the E. I. C.

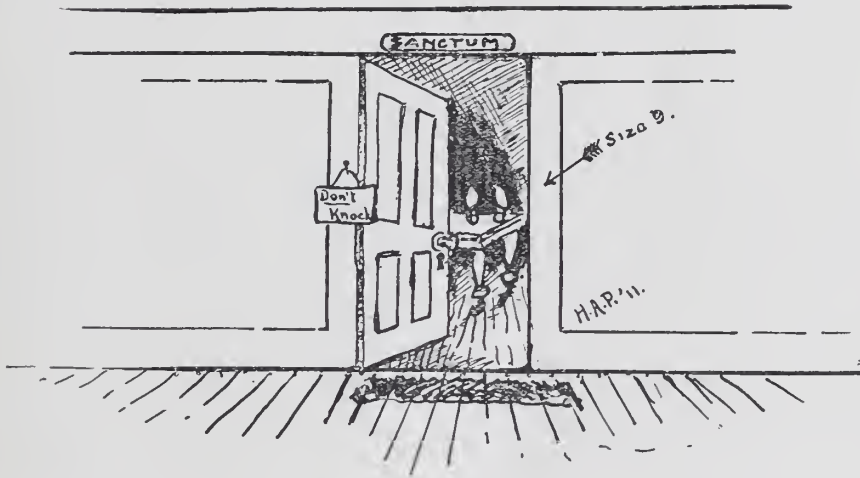
The E. I. C., thus appealed to, grinned as wisely as a donkey that knows better. But being as yet unaccustomed to his new position, he was no little time in discovering a pose sufficiently striking for his reply. The difficulty was, indeed, overcome only by imitating the attitude of a certain wooden squaw, who savagely brandishes a fistful of cigars in the doorway of a cigarette-shop out West (Roxbury). But there was something noticeably wanting in the E. I. C.'s effect—perhaps the cigars! He seemed, in fact, more wooden than the squaw.

"The fact is," he said briefly, at length, "that each of you is wrong, but all of you are right!" Then he chuckled a moment to himself. "That is to say," he went on, squeezing the fist in which the cigars might have been, "that is to say that the energetic being, so brisk and so busy, that you just saw, possesses all the characteris-

tics you have named, and innumerable others; but usually only that characteristic can be seen by a particular fellow, which interests that particular fellow most. To no two persons, moreover, does

this being appear exactly the same. Its aspect depends largely upon the nature of the spectator's mind. It is, in fact, the Latin School Spirit of 1910-11."

"PIP."



THE SCHOOL PAPER

TO those fellows of the school who have been looking forward to the thirtieth volume of "The Register" as a feather for tickling their individual temperaments, the announcement that we are about to make may, perhaps, come as a blow. Yet the truth must be told; and if it be disagreeable, let us observe the fact, nevertheless, on behalf of our enterprising business manager, that a pecuniary investment in "The Register"

"draws interest" every month. At the outset, we wish to avoid misunderstanding, by stating our purpose clearly. It is this: whatever may be the consequences, we shall ever try to be reasonably fair to all our contemporaries, and shall endeavor not to forget ourselves so far as to become a rival of "Life" or "The Ladies' Home Journal." So let our aim be manifest. Can you judge the archer's marksmanship if you do not know that the bull's-eye is his target? Have you a right to find fault with the stork because it has not the fine

feathers of a peacock or the sweet voice of a nightingale? Realize that it is our endeavor to produce a school paper. For we claim the right to be judged accordingly.

But a school paper! Have we all a like conception of what a school paper should properly be? What should be its purpose, its aim? That it should exist merely for pleasure is not, to our mind, sufficient. It should do some good. It should be attractive and entertaining, of course; but especially it should be useful to the student. It should be a means whereby he may accustom himself to communicate his ideas to his fellow; whereby he may train himself to express his thoughts for the benefit of his fellows; and whereby he may learn to criticise his fellows' work. It should incite him to labor for clearness and force of expression, and should arouse in him a desire to assist in making his school paper a worthy representative of himself, his fellows, and his school. To succeed in accomplishing this should be the aim of every school paper. For, however pleasant may be its stories and sketches to friendly fellows; however necessary its record of athletics to those who lack money, memory, or school spirit; however amusing, moreover, its school notes when referred to long years after we have received our diplomas, nevertheless, from a practical point of view, its great value is its utility as an educational factor.

How few take advantage of the oppor-

tunities "The Register" affords! And how strange is this fact when we consider, on turning to back numbers of "The Register," that "the few" who have once contributed to their school paper have repeatedly done so again; that those who have taken an active interest in it at the first have taken a still more active interest in it at the last! And surely the paper was not the only gainer by them, nor was the school. They themselves gained most of all. They gained experience in a field of vast importance today—the field of letters.

It is with the hope that all our school-mates may perceive the advantages of a school paper, and that more of them may seize those advantages, that we have taken the liberty to be at all serious. Yet the very thought of the way that printers' devils with printers' ink rule the world today is in itself, we think, a sufficient excuse for seriousness. In this age, when every profession, trade, society—aye, and every sport, has its literature, when almost everybody plays with pen and ink, who can afford to lose a chance of bettering himself in this universal necessity? Surely not we. Then why lose it? Grasp opportunity by the forelock, the beard, the coat-tails, anything,—but grasp it! Let "printed by the students of the Latin School" mean by more than "the chosen few." At any rate, set an example of fair criticism and honest interest; and take some pride in the "Latin School Register."

Editor.

In the class elections held recently, "Mal" M. J. Logan was chosen President, and John B. Lombard, Secretary, of the class of 1911.

Class I. is stronger than ever before. Three rooms can scarcely hold it! Watch us grow!

SCHOOL NOTES

In behalf of the school, we wish to greet our masters; and in their behalf, welcome all our school-mates.

It is the custom in this old school to begin the year with a jump. This year the promptness of our settling to study is more marked than ever. Already we are deep in our books. There is a certain pleasure in starting thus—a feeling of satisfaction akin to that of the swimmer who does not hesitate fearfully upon the brink, but plunges boldly in. It emphasizes the fact that we are here for a purpose; that, as our Headmaster, Mr. Pennypacker, has expressed it, “this school is a place for work.” And surely it has its value, too, in tending to produce those “results” which the college and the world so exactly demand of us.



Let us repeat, for those boys especially who are new to the ways of the school, a few of Mr. Pennypacker’s opening remarks, which, since they closed with a request, are apt to be forgotten too soon. Said our Headmaster: “The Boston Latin School is the oldest school in the United States; more than two hundred and seventy-five years old—but young and energetic still! For over thirty years the present building has been used by the boys of Boston, who have left it for you in a fairly good condition. Let no one, therefore, be so careless, so thoughtless, as to injure it in any way.”



Evans, Captain of last year’s track team, has left school.

We find on our return from vacation that a number of unexpected changes have been made in the school’s method, which affect us all directly. That which, to many of us, perhaps, seems the most severe, but which is in reality the most beneficial, is the increase in the number of recitation periods into which the school day is divided. There are now three more periods each week than in former years; but the number of periods for which recitations must be prepared is, nevertheless, the same as it has ever been. There are no more home-lessons each week now than there were before. For last year, of the twenty-seven periods constituting a school-week, two were devoted to drill and five to study, leaving twenty for prepared recitations; while this year, with its thirty periods each week, gives two periods to drill, three to unprepared recitations, five to study, and twenty, as usual, to prepared recitations. Hence we gain three periods of instruction each week without devoting any extra time to them outside of school.



The enrolment of the school this year is, by a strange coincidence, exactly the same as last year. It may be, however, that the number will be increased.



To avoid overcrowding and to facilitate teaching, two more rooms on the top floor have been pressed into service.

Since last year, three new members have been added to the Latin School's teaching staff. They are Mr. Arthur J. Kew, teacher of English, Mr. Herbert M. Thayer, teacher of science and the classics, and Mr. Charles W. French, teacher of English. Mr. Kew is a graduate of London University, and after several years' teaching in England, where, also, he was critic on "The Athenaeum," was in Colorado Springs, Colo., for four years. He was in St. Paul's School, Concord, for two years, and comes to us from the headship of the Department of English in the Drevy High School, North Adams, Mass.

Mr. Thayer, who is a graduate of the University of Minnesota and of Amherst College, is the former principal of the Oliver Ames High School, North Easton, Mass.; and Mr. French, who attended the Boston Latin School a while, before going to Dartmouth, was a senior teacher in the Concord High School of Concord, Mass.



Mr. Herbert T. Rich, A. M., is now Head of the Department of Greek. Mr. Stacy B. Southworth, A.B., and Mr. Henry R. Gardner, A.M., have been promoted to the position of Junior Masters. Mr. Capen, after fifty-seven years of service in the Latin School, and Mr. Howell, who has been here since 1893, have been retired on pensions. Both Mr. Capen and Mr. Howell have been away the past year on leave of absence.



Mr. Richardson, whose illness last spring kept him from school for a time, looks as well as ever after the long vacation. His absence, occurring at a time when his help was needed most, was felt by all, but especially by those of us who were preparing to take the college examinations.

Mr. William T. Campbell, Head of the Department of Mathematics, has returned, also, after a year's leave of absence, which was spent abroad.



Instead of requiring only 45 per cent. in our studies in order to pass, it has been announced that 50 per cent. is now necessary. Some fellows have not yet got over this—the announcement, we mean, of course!



Drill has begun earlier this year, we understand, than ever before in the history of our school. On the very first real school day the members of the different battalions were assembled in the drill hall, under Colonel Benyon, and since then "hip-hip" has scarcely been given a chance to cease its echoing. The organization is entirely different this year from what it has been in the past. Beginning with the three divisions of Class I., the school has been divided into three parts, each of which forms a battalion of about 210 boys. So, although each battalion drills in a different period, it is, nevertheless, by this arrangement, able to muster all its officers, as well as privates, in one body distinctly separate from the other two. This gives our school a formation that has long been needed. Last year the overcrowded battalions were obliged to drill—or try to drill—all at the same time. The result on wet days, when no companies could take to the yard or the street, was a great deal of dust and confusion. But by the new arrangement this should, in a great measure, be avoided. Now that a more ample space is possible for each commander and for each "sodjer," the wonder is what will be the excuse of those who "right-dress" wrong? And since Colonel Benyon now devotes all his time to instructing our regiment and those of the

English High School only, all other Boston school regiments being in charge of Captain Ranlett, the exercises next "Prize-Drill" day should be most successful, indeed. H. A. Packard of Room 18 has been appointed quartermaster of the three battalions. A roster of the regiment will be published in the November number.

The Harvard report of honors received in the examinations of June and September has not yet been received.



Robert Winternitz, who was appointed one of the assistant editors of "The Register," has not returned to school this year.

ATHLETICS

THE football season opened on the second day of school with a meeting in Mr. P. T. Campbell's Room, 14, at which about forty-five candidates presented themselves. From such a number we may expect a team for this year worthy of us and of our hearty support, especially when we remember that most of those who have joined the squad are old players in the Latin School. The prospects are encouraging, indeed; and since the new rules, favoring the forward pass and open playing generally, should make the game a prettier spectacle for the onlooker, we may expect a wider interest in the game this year,—and a consequent "slump" in Greek marks, perhaps.

Coach Fred O'Brien, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. French, a new teacher in this school, who, when a student here, played on the Latin School baseball team, each gave a short talk to the fellows, preparatory to getting down to business. From last year's team we have still the following with us: Capt. Logan, Pendergast, Green, Tate, Higgins, Murray, Colby, and Temple. Prominent among the rest are Kane, Phelan, Barry, Gersumky, Soucy, Craven, Murphy, O'Brien, Dukeshire, Robinson, and last, though not least, "Four Bits."

Hanlon and O'Hare may be able to come out later; they're studying hard at present. Burnett has not as yet put in his appearance. Tehan, who played half-back two years ago, and Kenney, whose shoulder was broken in the game with Groton two years ago, may both come back to school and play, later in the year. Our centre and ends are the only places that will be held by new men.

On Monday, September 19, the first practice was held under Capt. Logan on the Irvington Street Oval. On Wednesday, September 28, however, practice was transferred to the Columbus Avenue playgrounds, where occurred the first scrimmage of the season, lasting thirty-five minutes.

The following schedule has been arranged by Manager Kennedy:

Oct. 1—Salem, at Salem.

Oct. 8—Newburyport, at Newburyport.

Oct. 12—Somerville, at Somerville.

Oct. 15—Lawrence Academy, at Groton.

Oct. 22—Haverhill, at Haverhill.

Oct. 25—Newton, at Newton.

Oct. 29—Beverly, at Beverly.

Nov. 5—M. A. H. S., at American League Grounds.

Nov. 12—Cambridge Latin, at Cambridge.

Nov. 24—English High, at American League Grounds.



Now that there are six periods each day, there will be little chance for any coma (comma) between the recitations.

Among the missing,—those who have passed (xams)!

A conceited fellow seems to be the one who gets a-head.

Lost: A boy smoking three dozen cigarettes a day!

Sophistry: is the fellow who sits up all night conning his lessons,—and then gets up before morning to review them!

“One three, and five tens please!”—and again the lunch-room line was checked!

X—Reading aloud: “And her luxuriant wealth of hair”——

Whisper from rear of room: “Aw, rats!”

New boy, mumbling indistinctly on account of food in his mouth,—“Say, let us have a jelly sandwich.”

Waiter—“You want lettuce, ham, and jelly sandwich?—Two more checks, then?”

Room 18, first day of school:

Ggbbzzzz!—“Look out for the hornet, fellows!”—Ggbbzzzz!—“It’s an auto!”—Ggbbzzzz!—“No, it’s an airship!” What do you think of those new telephones, anyway?

We have been told that henceforth we are to pronounce the Greek diphthong *ei* not long like *i*, as formerly, but like *ai*. Ai, ai, sir!

It was clear that many of the fellows were not themselves on the first day of school. When the “French boys” of Room 18 were asked to rise, there was a great deal of hesitating and looking about the room—evidently for mirrors!—Meanwhile the “Greeks” grinned.

We notice that a new fire-alarm system has been installed in our corridors this summer. It would seem that we are preparing for “warm times” this winter.

In the lower hall, the other day, two boys were observed scanning the faces of all who passed, in an effort to determine whether or not an “old boy” can be distinguished from a “new boy.” What! Does Latin and Greek mar our visages so?

In the Lunch Room.

"Tom, I wonder why they don't have any doughnuts this year?"

"Don't pay. Last year the moths used to get at them and eat the holes."



Teacher: "Smith, Smith—I think you need a mark, Smith!"

Smith: "No, sir; I have five already."



Master, to boy prowling about the corridors after school: "Well, X——, why don't you go home?"

"I've lost my cap, sir."

"Lost your cap? That's too bad. But come with me; perhaps I can find you a little foolscap."

Perhaps it was one of those first-class fellows, so we will call him Reggie for short. Reggie spent his vacation in the country. One day while the sun was shining bully, *et cetera*, and all the landscape was just dandy, you know, Reggie, ambulating through the fields with a pipe between his teeth, and an extra long time between every whiff, came upon three haymakers busily engaged in loading a wagon. "I say, you know," said Reggie, approaching them, "have you—er—a broom?" A broom?" said the haymakers. "What in nation do you want a broom for?" "Aw, you know, the bloomin' pipe is stopped up, and I need a straw, you know."



"Back to the grind, boys, back to the grind!"

ALUMNI NOTES

We announce with sorrow the death of Latin School's "grand old man," Mr. Charles James Capen.



Charles D. Daly, who has been appointed Fire Commissioner for Boston, is a former member of the Boston Latin School. From here he went to Harvard, and then to West Point. While at Harvard he played quarter-back on the football team and was one of the most famous players of his day.



Dr. T. L. MacLachlan, a B. L. S. graduate, now an oculist and aurist in Bismark, North Dakota, visited the school recently.



Robert Treat Paine, the noted philanthropist, who passed away a few weeks ago, at Waltham, was a B. L. S. graduate. He was the great-grandson of Robert Treat Paine, a Latin School boy, the signer of the Declaration of Independence.



J. B. Barrett, B. L. S., 1906, paid the school a visit a short time ago. Mr. Barrett is now a member of the class of 1912 in the School of Instruction of the U. S.

Revenue Cutter Service at Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn.



Francis S. Wyner, B. L. S. '07, completed the four-year course at Harvard in three years, graduating last June with highest honors. When graduating from the Latin School, he took the \$100. Merrill scholarship, a Franklin medal, and the first classical prize.



"Si" Ayer, '10, visited us recently, smiling, as usual, from one end of the corridor to the other. He was at the piano for our first-day hall exercises.



R. G. Wilson, Jr., '10, E. I. C. of "The Register" last year, called at the school the other day, and gracefully surrendered the Sanctum desk keys.



Mr. James Downey, who was a teacher in the Latin School a few years ago, has recently been made Head of the High School of Commerce. He has been head of the Department of Mathematics there for some years.

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